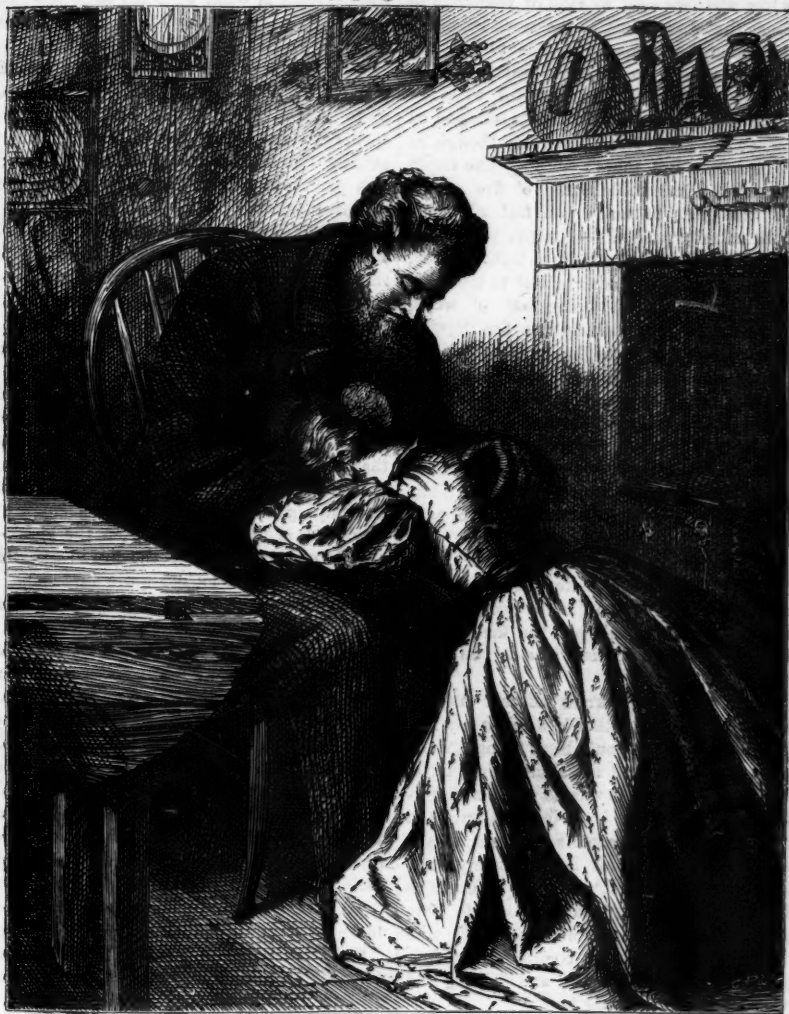


# THE QUIVER

—and Saturday, August 18, 1856. —



"She was down on her knees with her head in my lap, crying bitterly."—p. 754.

## WATCHING AHEAD. AN ENGINE-DRIVER'S STORY.

A MAN can do anything a'most, if he likes to persevere. Here am I, Henry Smith, driver o' the express engine, "Swift Flash," on the Great South Northern Railway, with good pay,

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and what I like next, plenty o' confidence put in you.

Tother day—it don't seem more, though it's years ago—I sat on one side o' the fire, looking

werry hard at it, and the missus sat on t'other side, also looking werry hard at it; and both on us putting it to the blush, and keeping it warm, for it did precious little o' that to us, 'cause why? coals was one-and-eightpence a hundred, and money was scarce. You see, I always think the getting of money's like what we used to read of years ago in the "House that Jack Built"—the work begins to make the money—the money begins to buy the coals—the coals begin to cook and warm—and so on; and then your wife looks cheerful with the reflection of a good fire, and that gets reflected off on to you, and so home looks like home though its never so homely. But there's nothing like depth o' winter, and a miserable scrap o' fire at the bottom o' the grate to make you feel what our Devon folk called "unked"—dumpy, you know. Being hungry's bad enough—quite as bad, I dessay, as being thirsty in a dry desert; but to my mind there's nothing nips like being out o' work, and coming home and finding no fire hardly, specially when you've been hanging about the railway gates, and seen iron cages stuck round the great pumps, full o' blazing coal or coke, and stacks upon stacks o' great lumps lying there waiting to be burnt. Ah! you looks at 'em longingly as you thinks o' the empty cupboard at home, where the chandler's shop man empties the little sacks; and then you sticks your hands in your pockets and whistles to keep yourself warm.

Ann sat o' one side, and I sat on t'other, for it seemed to me to be no use running about wearing out shoe-leather; so by way of a joke, just to cheer her up, I says, "Don't put the fire out, my girl," for I could see there was a tear or two ready to drop.

That did it; for before I knew where I was, she was down on her knees with her head in my lap, crying that bitterly that you'd have thought she'd have broke her heart, and all along o' my bit o' stupid banter. I knowed it was no use to say anything then, so I lets her have her cry out, and then, when the sobs only came sometimes, as she nestled up close to me, I took her up in my arms and laid her on the bed, and made her as warm as I could, poor lass; for she'd no business to have been up, and if she'd been some one else's wife there'd have been the doctor coming every day, and ordering of her port wine, and jellies, and things which I couldn't get for her.

"Where are you going, Harry?" she says.

"Nother try at the rail," I says.

"No, no!" she says; "not there. Don't go there, Harry; you know I shall have no peace for thinking of the danger from the engines. I dreamed last night you was brought home dead."

"Come, none of that," I says, laughing—leastwise it was about half-way between a laugh and a cry—and then I sits down and looks at my poor

pale lass. There she lay with her great staring eyes, and the blue veins all showing through the skin, till I got to thinking of the bonny girl who used to walk with me o' summer evenings, down the green lanes, talking about how we'd get on in the world; and then, one upon the other, comes the thoughts of what we'd had to go through since that time, in spite of my trying all my best, and fighting up hill and down dale with poverty. I knew it was my fault, for I'd been bit with the idea o' bettering myself, and left good wages to come up to London and get more—like that dog in the spelling-book. Yes, just like him; and I was getting the shadow now, and no mistake: there was plenty of shadow hanging over us both, but no substance.

I couldn't help it; I knew she did not like it; but I went out directly, and got took on at the great railway yard as sort of helper in the stables—being an engine-fitter—and was set to work cleaning the great steam horses, all amongst the oil, and grime, and smoke. But dirty work brings clean money; and before long I found as I'd been giving way to foolish thoughts, for my lass got better and more cheerful, and left off taking on about the baby, and keeping herself weak and poorly—leastwise, that and the want o' money did—and soon I used to come home and find as she'd been blackleading and tidying up till the place shone again; while, as soon as she heard my step on the stairs—'taint a light one—she'd tickle the fire in the ribs till it laughed, and home looked quite first chop. Then, too, she began, as the spring time came, to get a pot or two o' musk, and primroses, and cetter, such as used to make us both sit and think again of the country. And it's wonderful what there is in some o' them little flowers: why we've sat over one here in the midst of the soot, and chimney-pots, and bricks and mortar, and been far away directly—hand in hand in the sunny lanes; up the banks; or in the shady woods; listening to the blackbird's sweet notes, and the twittering and hum all around us; till, somehow or other, it all comes to this again, that you leave off thinking with a sigh, and feeling a bit dewy, while Nancy generally says—

"Ah, Harry; man made the big town, but God made the beautiful country!"

But I've no call to grumble, for I see plenty of the country now, if it is in a hurry, and mostly of a night. For from being a steady, blunderheaded, straightforward sort o' chap, I got from cleaning to be took on to stoke a goods engine; and that frightened Nancy terribly, for the werry first week if I didn't smash my thumb, by catching it against the door as I was throwing in a great lump o' coal. That threw me back a bit; but I got all right again, and stoked that engine till a chance of a rise came, and I was changed to stoke a passenger engine, which is pleasanter; for goods traffic is so much of

it in the night, and there you are shunting about sometimes for long enough in the middle of the cold dark hours, picking up empties, and leaving trucks as are full, till it gets werry tiring; then, too, sometimes you gets run off on a siding to let the passenger trains go by, for they has the run o' the road.

Well, I was now stoker on a passenger engine, and liked it better; but, before so werry long, I gets put back to the goods, but this time as driver, and werry proud I felt when I got home and told the wife; but not half so proud as I did when, in course o' time, I got to be driver of a passenger engine—though it was only a "parly." While now I'm bang up atop o' the tree, and drives the night express—though I do reckon some day o' driving a special as has got some o' the Royalties in it; after which they may make me a d'rector or not, just as they likes, for I shall be satisfied anyhow.

"Well, but," I says, "some one must do it; and look, what a position we holds. Don't be uncomfortable, lass; it's my impression as I'm as afe dashing along full-swing, as I am sitting here. 'Taint for us to be going through life afraid to put one foot afore the other, when we know as there's One as will clear the way for us." And then I looks round and sees our little place, how snug it was, and how we'd prospered; and then how neat and nice somebody else looked, though there was a streak or two of grey peeping out of her smooth, shiny black hair—for Nancy never fell into the habit o' getting untidy as she grew older, while she never lets me see the washtub—and there; I'm at it again! I could go on all night about my wife; and I suppose it's because I'm proud of her.

One night I walks down to the terminus, big as you please, for I was an old stager on the line even then. My stoker was in the shed with the engine—steam well up and all ready for a start; bright and clean as a new pin, and every joint and rod oiled and easy, as I could see, as I cast my eyes round her—just like an old stage coachman before starting. There were the red lights on, and so I goes and times my watch, which wasn't two seconds wrong; jumps up, and we runs out of the shed on to the main line; and then, after a shout to the chap at the points, we runs back—easy—easier—easiest—and brings up against the train without hardly springing a buffer; porter couples us on, just as the first bell's going; and there we were all ready for a start.

"Jangle, jangle," goes the second bell; "bang, bang," the doors; "chirrup," the guard's whistle; and as the boy yelled out the evening papers, I touches the screamer, and then the starter, and—"puff, puff," goes the engine; and then—as if impatient to be off—"puff, puff, puff, puff," in rapid time, spinning the driving wheels round on the

smooth metals before she had got fairly started. Then, with a run, we slid out of the great glass terminus; went, with a shriek, into the tunnel; out again; past the sidings, and empty trucks, and yard full of carriages under repair; rattling over the points and turntables; and then faster, and faster, and faster—off and away, so that the long stretched out rows of gas-lamps, right and left, seemed to turn round, and round, as though there was a turntable under them; on past the first little station just as we was getting into full swing; and then the gas lamps all left behind, and we going full rush into what seemed like a black mountain right before us.

It aint everybody as has been on an engine at full speed, on a winter's night; when it's that dark you can a'most feel it. Perhaps you don't know as it goes along like in jumps at every stroke o' the piston-rod, just as if it was galloping—the coupling-irons and buffers prevents your feeling that in the carriages—but first time of going on a fast engine would make you hold on pretty tightly. I like it, though; it warms one up in spirit, even if the wind's enough to freeze you, while the heat from the fire's ready to roast; and it does roast, sometimes, what we hold on a fork in it; for we keep up good fires. Away we go; with the wind whistling by, till far on ahead there's a twinkling light or two; and then a bright green star, that we get nearer, and nearer, till with a whistle and scream we fly thundering by another station—the lights seeming to run one into another as we dart past. Now, with the furnace door wide open, and the light streaming out on to the steam and smoke, we look like a comet rushing along, if it is only five-and-forty miles an hour; though those great speeds we read of quite put me out o' conceit. Think of the earth going round at the rate of a thousand miles an hour! I've been sixty, and that's quite fast enough for me.

But you people in the carriages don't know what it is, dashing along through darkness, hail, rain, or snow; eyes right ahead, and fist on the handle; always on the look-out for danger signals; and knowing what a little thing would send the whole train into one ruinous smash.

Yes; there's some confidence placed in us, as we stand there, fair weather or foul, watching ahead for danger, doing our best, and trusting in Providence for the rest, as on this first thirty miles run without stopping, away we go shrieking past station after station as though we meant to tear up the metals. Off and away through tunnel after tunnel—no blacker than the night outside; over viaduct, along steep embankments, and down in deep cuttings; through the gloom of the night; seldom thinking of the danger; and always, as a man should in all things, watching ahead!

Away we went on the night I'm talking about,

till the red lights peered out of the darkness, and our first thirty miles was done in not such a great deal more than half an hour; then, watering up, off and away again, with the lights left behind, and we tearing into the black night.

Tom Crawley was a good stoker, and the steam was well up; so that we were soon on full swing again, shrieking 'em up at the little stations, and then away again with a rush over the black country. I was staring straight ahead, and had my hand on the whistle, for it was just time for us to pass a new station. Tom pushed past me and gave my round glass a rub, and then I could see the green light—faint, then bigger, and I gives a whistle; when, as I does it, I sees the lamp turned into a red one, and dashes the handle on one side to shut off the steam, same time letting the whistle shriek for the guard's break to be screwed down; but, bless you, it did not seem an instant, though I had time to think as it was here they shunted the goods train, when there was a sharp crash and something broke the round window of the screen; and then we were darting on faster than ever, for the shock had turned on the steam once more. I nods to Tom to grind down his break, as I tried to shut off again; but it was like pulling at a post, and though Tom came and helped, we could not move the handle, for a part of the valve was broke.

I dashed open the furnace door, for I thought we was going worry free, and wondered why the guard hadn't clapped on his break; but, to my surprise, I finds as we were alone; that the couplings had broke with the shock of what we had run into, and there was Tom Crawley and me with the engine and tender, and full steam on, going quite sixty mile an hour.

I gives Tom the sign, and he stoops down, rattles out a rod or two, and down goes the fire bars on to the line in a moment, dropping out the whole of the fire, with the glowing coal and coke flying in great sparks behind us; but that had no effect, for on we tore, with the whistle shrieking and screaming, past two more stations, while the next was to have been our halting-place.

Tom wanted to jump off, but I took hold of his arm and stopped him, though I couldn't help asking myself whether it wouldn't be the best thing to do; for, with the big junction station within a few miles, where we ought to pull up, who could say if the line was clear on the other side?

On we went, screaming along, at a fearful rate—some minutes before our time. There were the red lights and the lamps of the station, and I made another drag at the handle, but it was like tugging at a rock; and then there was a flash of light on

each side, and we were through the station, and away again into the great black mountain always ahead.

"Now," thinks I; "they'll telegraph right on, from station to station, that there's a runaway engine, and she'll soon cool down now."

But she seemed as if she'd never cool down, but tore shrieking on past two more stations; and I began to wonder at last whether we ever should stop; and now, for the first time, began to feel horribly frightened—for the excitement had kept the fear off before.

At each station, now, they showed the red lights, and we had just passed one signal—slackening pace a good deal—when from the sharp swerve I felt the engine give, I knew we had been turned on to a siding. Just then, as though with a flash, came over me the thoughts of the great danger I was in. You'd say there was no time for thought; but there was; and there, in the midst of that peril, I could see a little tiny fellow kneeling down before his mother, and saying after her some words as have never been forgotten, and I should say never can be. With those words gushing from my heart, and with a Great Name upon my lips, I gave one glance at my mate; and at the same moment Tom Crawley and I jumped off—right and left—when it seemed to me that I heard the noise of thunder and then went to sleep.

But I soon came to—only being a bit stunned; but Tom had a broken leg, and was badly scalded from the overturned engine, which the station people shunted off the main line, so that it ran smash on to the siding buffers, doing five hundred pound worth o' damage to itself in a moment.

There wasn't no lives lost, however, but it was a mercy as there wasn't, for we had run right into the tail of a goods train as was being shunted; and though the guard's van was shivered to atoms, my train was not much damaged, only a carriage or two sent off the line, and the people shook, while I've told you how we left it behind. Of course there was an investigation; but it wasn't my fault, so I got no blame, but went on with my dooty directly.

I said before that I wasn't much hurt, but I was a good bit shook, and so was some one at home; and she wanted me to give up for something else, but I looks round at the comforts we enjoys, and I says—"No, we must have engine-drivers. That's the only accident I've met with;" and I kep' on.

That's years ago now, and with the exception o' once cutting a poor cow all to pieces, I've had no more upsets; so I keeps driving the express, trusting in Providence; hoping for the best; and, fine weather or foul, well watching ahead.



## A RUN-AND-READ RAMBLE TO ROME.

BY OUR OWN CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENT.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## ST. PETER'S, ROME.



THE high ceremonies of Holy Week commence to-day (Wednesday). The scene of all these wonderful celebrations is laid at St. Peter's, and in the adjacent chapels of the Vatican. There is a feverish excitement prevailing all around; we are all on the tip-toe of expectancy, not knowing in the least what is in store for us, and whether we shall fare well or ill during the round of ecclesiastical "dissipation," that we are just now committing ourselves to for the next few days, till Easter is over.

I have a few introductions to present, but, as it is rather early in the morning, I will make another and more careful visit to St. Peter's, as the grand basis of operations for the sights and scenes of this sight-seeing season. How shall I attempt a description of the general view of St. Peter's, so as to enable my readers at a distance to realise it? London must, of course, supply our illustrations.

Suppose you are standing in Ludgate Hill, facing our St. Paul's. Take half a dozen of the adjacent warehouses in Cannon Street, and, just touching them up afresh with a little of the ecclesiastical style and a dozen massive pillars, plant them down in front of the cathedral, just about where "good Queen Bess" stands, with her stiff frill collar. Enlarge the dome by an additional girth or two; take away the houses—to the left as far as Newgate Street, and to the right to the river-edge; enclose this cleared space within the capacious arms of a double colonnade, sweeping round in a semicircle; in the middle of this vast piazza place an Egyptian obelisk, and a few fountains; then a majestic flight of steps, extending the whole breadth of the frontage, rising to the entrance gates; that is St. Peter's. Then, for a flanking to the right, and dovetailed with St. Peter's, set up a large factory, or a modern workhouse, or a building like the London Hospital, and you have the Vatican—that ugly, awkward, and essentially *uneccelesiastical* excrescence, growing out of the right side of the great basilica.

Or, suppose you are standing at Whitehall, looking due north. Let the National Gallery stay where it is, only make it twice its present height; place St. Paul's behind it, and St. Martin's workhouse to the right of it; allow all the space of Trafalgar Square, and Charing Cross, and Whitehall, as an open area, with the semicircular colonnades, as aforesaid; and again you may have an idea of St. Peter's. I cannot, by local description, make it clearer. To know it better you must do

what I did—go and see it. The view of St. Peter's is much spoilt by the heavy frontage, and, most of all, by the Vatican buildings, which are out of all character as an ecclesiastical appendage. Indeed, the aspect of most of the grander churches in Rome is marred by the heavy domestic architecture of the front and flank. The *façade* of St. Peter's is so high, that from the area in front you fail to see more than the upper half of the dome. To see it fully, you must take a more distant standpoint—the Pincian Hill, or some other elevated ground. Indeed, no better view could be had of the dome of St. Peter's than what I had, every morning, every evening, and any time I chose to look out, from my own bedroom window in our palazzo.

They are washing the floor of St. Peter's as I enter. A mixture of soapsuds and sand is poured on the marble slabs, and this is rubbed into the flooring by the hard friction of a massive steel brush. It is done piecemeal and in sections, and by many hands. Everything looks like the day before a rout. Here are seats upturned, benches being dragged about, carpenters at work, red cloth and cloth of gold all spread about here and there; acolytes in little white cassocks, carrying large clothes-baskets, and stripping the altars of their trappings; pilgrims of all lands, promenading, kneeling, worshipping, gazing, talking, begging, shriving, shriven, confessing, or being confessed. A large tapestry-work hangs suspended in the right-hand transept, a copy of Da Vinci's great fresco of the "Last Supper." It is underneath this that the ceremony of the Washing the Feet takes place to-morrow. In fact, St. Peter's is, just at this moment, a busy place, with the movable scaffoldings, and skeleton erections, and other material preparations for the pantomime of the week. We are "behind the scenes" to-day. We shall be rapt into the third heaven to-morrow—so I am told—when the curtain rises for the performance. So be it!

Every English visitor, on entering St. Peter's, instantly feels his mind and thoughts sent back to his own St. Paul's, for comparison and contrast. I stood at the threshold, and looked along the full length, and I tried to think whether it was longer or shorter than St. Paul's. I climbed to what we would call the "Whispering Gallery," and I looked above and below, and I tried to conceive whether those people walking on the floor looked larger or smaller than those viewed from the upper heights of St. Paul's. One gentleman standing beside me confessed he had never been to St. Paul's, albeit he had lived in London all his life. I told him he had no business to see St.

Peter's in Rome before he had seen St. Paul's in London! Upon consideration and comparison, we all determined to pair off for the rest of the session, and to visit St. Paul's as the first thing on returning home. I have done so; and my idea is that St. Peter's looks larger every way: it certainly is broader—the transepts of St. Paul's won't stand any comparison, by a long way. As for the length, the difference in favour of St. Peter's is not so distinctly observable. And when I stood under the familiar dome, amid the well-known pillars, of St. Paul's, I felt— Well, I must go again and see St. Peter's, for another comparative view: and this I mean to do, some day.

I was talking about the respective measurements to a friend, that day, when he asked me whether I had not seen the record of the comparative lengths, inscribed on marble slabs on the cathedral floor. I instantly commenced my search for these. They begin at the very threshold, where a slab contains the measurement of St. Peter's—837 feet. At an interval of a few yards I come to another, indicated by a gilt star set in the marble; this gives the length of "St. Paul's, London"—710 feet. Four other measurements are given at similar intervals—the Duomo of Florence, 669 feet; the Cathedral of Milan, 606 feet; the Church of St. Paul, Rome, in the Ostian way, 572 feet; and the Church of St. Sophia, Constantinople, 492 feet. I am strongly inclined to find fault with the comparative measurements of St. Peter's and our St. Paul's; for I do not believe that the former is anything like 100 feet longer than the latter. Any way, it does not seem so to the eye, in ordinary observation.

The high altar of St. Peter's stands under the dome, supported by four massive pillars; there is a subterranean altar also, with steps descending to it from the floor. Standing beside this high altar, the whole effect of the interior of the building stands out to view: the lofty and massive dome, the nave and (what we would call) the choir, the lengthy transepts, the gigantic pillars upbearing the ponderous bulk of the building, the splendid statuary, and the *tout ensemble* of the thing—all tell up with a marvellous and almost startling effect at first sight. But it soon grows upon you, and you feel your own mind suddenly enlarged by the associations of the place.

"Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not.  
And why! it is not lessened; but thy mind,  
Expanded by the genius of the spot,  
Has grown colossal."

The niches in the four massive pillars that support the dome are occupied by massive statues, much larger than life-size, representing St. Veronica (with the legendary handkerchief, expanded); St. Andrew (bearing his cross); St. Longinus (said to be the soldier that pierced the side of Jesus);

and St. Helena (the Roman empress, said to have discovered the true cross). I take it that these are intended as the four pillars of the worship of Rome. I can only say that a religion that embodies the legend of St. Veronica into a fact must be badly off for chief corner-stones. But no matter for that just now. Associated with these main figures are the principal relics of St. Peter's: (1) the sudarium, or napkin of St. Veronica, on which the picture of the face of Jesus in his agony was imprinted; (2) the lance with which the Roman soldier pierced the side of the Crucified; and (3) a piece of the true cross. These relics are kept, each respectively, in the balcony of its own pillar. In the balcony of St. Andrew is the head of the saint; but the three above named are accounted the chiefest relics of the chiefest temple of the Roman Catholic faith. I have seen Pope and cardinals, and prelates, and kings, and priests, and officers of state, and thousands of people, on bended knee, before these relics, when exhibited from the balcony of St. Veronica, before the congregation, on Easter Sunday.

The pillars along the nave contain, for the most part, the statues of the founders of Orders in the Church of Rome. For instance, St. Bruno, the founder of the Order of the Carthusians; St. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits; St. Philip Neri, the founder of the Oratorians; St. Cajetan, the founder of the Order of the Regular Clergy; and (most marvellous of all) the statue of "St. Elijah, founder of the Order of Carmelites!" Many of the more recent Popes, and some of the more distinguished of the ancient ones, are held in remembrance by massive and magnificently-wrought memorials of the choicest statuary, the works of the great masters.

But the great object to which I was drawn by an irresistible attraction was the great image of St. Peter, of which I had so often heard and read. Some have said that this was the ancient Jupiter Tonans; that it once bore the thunderbolt of angry Jove, but that, having fallen into Christian hands, it was baptised as a St. Peter, the mystic keys being substituted for the fiery bolt. Others have said that the great toe had been worn away to the stump by the kisses of the worshippers. Now, I feel I must say that neither of these assertions is true. The image is a bronze work, in a sitting posture, smaller than life-size; the left hand seems somehow as though it were resting in a sling, and holds the keys; the right hand is uplifted, the two forefingers extended in the form of benediction. It is an ugly image, black, rigidly erect, and lanky, and not at all unlike some of the deities that are manufactured in Birmingham for the Buddhists and Hindoos. The whole thing was evidently cast in one mould, and there is no evidence of any substitution of the keys for the thunderbolt. The

great toe also is complete, neither out of joint nor worn away; and there is no appearance of any recent reparation of that extremity.

This "St. Peter" is the principal object of daily and hourly veneration in the cathedral. It stands to the right of the grand altar, against a pillar, based upon a pedestal of marble. When I first stood before the image, there were three men (they seemed to be pilgrims) kneeling before it, and talking together! They somehow worked through their prayers (and their conversation too), and then they rose and kissed the great toe. They seemed, even to my untutored mind, to do the thing awkwardly; and so they also evidently seemed to a priest who was passing by; for he instantly turned aside, approached the image, and in the most approved style of homage did reverence to the metal demi-god. It was after this fashion: he lifted his velvet cap from off his head; he knelt, and said a prayer; he then rose up, and drawing his handkerchief across the great toe, he kissed it;

he then with a lower gesture touched his forehead upon that part of the cold bronze figure; he knelt again, and then arose and went his way. A poor woman next approached, and made a more lowly obeisance than either priest or pilgrim; for, after she had kissed the great toe, she bent herself to kiss the cold pedestal of stone on which the image rested!

Meanwhile the thoroughfare to St. Peter's is becoming crowded. Past our palace-gates carriages have been rolling all the morning. The Borgo is almost blocked up. Ladies, all in mourning uniform (black dresses and black veils), are hastening on to be in time for good places at the Sistine Chapel, to hear the *Miserere* sung at the service of the *Tenebræ*. I shall be there in an hour or two, and will have a better place than any of them. The celebrations of Holy Week commence with that magnificent wail of the *Miserere*, sung by the best choir in the world, the Pope's own choir, from the gilded gallery of the Sistine Chapel.

(To be continued.)

## THE HOLY LIGHT.

## I.



HILDEBRAND the hermit sits  
Gazing out beyond the bay,  
Round and round the curlew flits,  
Dash'd with flecks of snowy spray.  
Suddenly an angry roar  
Comes across the dark'ning foam;  
Women gather on the shore,  
Watching vessels far from home;  
Sullen murmurs fill the air,  
Preludes of an awful night,  
And the hermit breathes a prayer,  
As he trims the Holy Light.

## II.

Weary toilers on the deep,  
In whose heart their bread is cast,  
Men for whom the women weep,  
Will be welcomed home at last;  
Guided by that silver spark,  
Hope will fill their honest breasts;  
Safe they'll steer their bonny barque  
To the haven where she rests.  
Noble vessels outward bound,  
As they travel out of sight,  
Cheers and blessings fling around,  
Farewells to the Holy Light.

## III.

Now the boats are safely home,  
And the village is asleep;  
Who are these that darkly roam,  
Laughing at the angry deep?  
Wreckers, waiting for the prey  
Flung them by the faithless waves,

Haunt by night the lonely bay,  
Hide by day in hollow caves;  
And these robbers of the dead  
View the beacon burning bright,  
Watch the breakers far ahead,  
And they curse the Holy Light.

## IV.

Hildebrand the hermit sees  
Shadows tremble on the sand,  
And he sinks him on his knees,  
For he fears the wrecker's hand;  
Hildebrand unbars the door,  
Wanders from his lonely cell,  
All is silent on the shore,  
And he fancies all is well.  
Silently the village sleeps  
Through the fury of the night,  
Stealthily a woman creeps  
Underneath the Holy Light.

## V.

Fiercely howls the baffled storm,  
Sulkily the waves retreat,  
Washing up one lifeless form  
To a lonely woman's feet.  
Round the neck and features stiff  
Greedily her fingers play;  
All is darkness on the cliff,  
All is darkness round the bay.  
Now the stars faint one by one,  
Morning breaks—ah, God! the sight,  
When the woman finds her son  
Dead, beneath the Holy Light.

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD



HOSE words of our Lord, calling himself "the good shepherd," seem to refer to some expectation of the Jews, founded on their ancient prophecies.

St. John the Baptist, in the same manner, announced Him as "*the* Lamb of God"—admitted to be in allusion to the Lamb described by Isaiah (chapter liii.)

And so this title which our blessed Lord gives to himself carries back our minds to a psalm of David: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." He tells of his giving rest to the soul: "He shall make me to lie down;" and food, for it shall be "in green pastures;" and a draught to the thirsty: "He leadeth me beside still waters." He tells of his reviving the fainting: "He restoreth my soul;" of his guidance in the "paths of righteousness;" of his company and support in death itself; and so the shepherd-king develops this metaphor of the shepherd. And granting that Jesus alludes to this 23rd Psalm when he describes himself as "the good shepherd," we first observe that "*the* good shepherd" would have been understood by Jewish listeners as "the Lord," "The Lord is my shepherd." Again, we observe that the psalm expands the meaning of the title, and shows how this shepherd's care is exercised; so that when Jesus calls himself "the good shepherd" he means all this, and adds one more feature besides—"The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."

Let us think of this shepherd in relation to the forlorn condition of those who have him not—who are without Christ in the world, whom Scripture picturesquely describes as sheep without a shepherd. A great portion of the world is in this condition of being without a shepherd. Jesus, who always made the most merciful supposition, represented the lost as only one in a hundred; but, no doubt, the wish, and not the fact, dictated the proportion. No doubt the ninety and nine often stray to short distances, and give the shepherd pains and trouble through their frequent waywardness, but yet they do not pass wholly out of his sight; they are not within the meaning of the term "lost." We have a delightful assurance that many remain in Christ's flock who joined it in early childhood. These correspond to the elder brother in the story of the Prodigal Son—"Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine."

But while we deny that all have been in this sense lost sheep, it is obviously true of the greater number. This figure must have come home with great force to the pastoral East. The shepherds who were in part his listeners, well knew the

dangers to which lost sheep were exposed—the wild beasts, the drought, the great wastes of country without herbage; they knew the absorbing interest and anxiety of the search: and to describe the natural condition of mankind as sheep without a shepherd, was to combine the vision of all those dangers, along with the utter hopelessness of rescue from them, implied in their having no shepherd. This description conveys a dreary view of life, which, however, is the true one, and sometimes forces itself on our consciousness in the ebb of animal spirits. As sheep without a shepherd, we have got nothing to keep us together—no force of cohesion, so to speak: and, besides this, in all our dangers, we are wholly unable to help ourselves or others. Let us, then, pause on those features of our condition without Christ, and so the full meaning of the words will reach our hearts, like the approach of help in danger, like a promise of re-union where all is separation and tears, "I am the good shepherd."

We feel the want of a force to hold us together—we feel the instability of society, of friendship, and of family ties; and, girt about by them all, there is yet a loneliness which we experience keenly. We long for something to cling about, to grow into, to be our everlasting support, to *stay* with us—but nothing holds; no bond of communion so close as to outstand time—to withstand social necessities. Abraham himself must bid Lot depart—"Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left."

This is the aspect of life presented by the figure "sheep without a shepherd." "I saw all Israel scattered upon the hills as sheep that have no shepherd; and the Lord said, These have no master." What a picture of the dissolution of society does this present! how the world, in the relation it bears to each of us, is melting away! Our individual world, when we reach a certain stage, seems suddenly to have lost the principle of coherence. It scatters, it dies, it changes. In the midst of all this flux, when a feeling of isolation begins to steal over us even in the midst of crowds, even in the centre of passing friends and kinsfolk—a feeling that *identity* only is one and the same, and that everything else is different, what can we stay ourselves upon but this "Good Shepherd," whose staff will support us even in that valley, ever filled with mysterious shadow? He, with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

Here is the only remedy for this feeling of insecurity—that Christ is our Shepherd, that we are his. All his flocks are not of the same fold—they





"When the woman finds her son  
Dead, beneath the Holy Light."—p. 759.

cannot all drink at the same fountain, but all have the same owner. There is a deep happiness in feeling this invisible bond of union, it is the secret of "the communion of saints." It is one to unite poor and rich in closer sympathy, it will prevent permanent ill will, coldness, or breach of brotherly kindness between Christians, that they have the same owner. It will comfort parents when their children leave them; friends, when friends drop off; families, when they scatter through the world that spans distances and that bridges over seas—the same Owner!

"I am the good shepherd,"—"the shepherd whose own the sheep are." One does not own another; we have not in each other the interest of ownership. If some are lost, the rest do not care. If I, as one of the flock, am utterly destroyed, they do not concern themselves. They gather about the prostrate body of a comrade, with more curiosity than commiseration. My destruction is no loss to them, for they do not possess or own me. I long for an owner, to whom my ruin would be a loss—to whom my life is a gain. This ownership I find only in Christ, who takes compassion on wandering, perplexed men, because they are as sheep without a shepherd—because he is the one whose own the sheep are.

One member of the flock cannot help another. Does danger threaten, all are equally at its mercy. Are we haunted by doubt? are we pursued by dread? can we then find refuge with one another? All are equally defenceless, all alike incapable of resistance, all alike powerless to help themselves. The fear of death comes upon us, a horrible dread overtakes us. Who can overcome death? who can snatch us from its jaws? All are equally at its mercy. Hence one cries out, feeling the equality of all men in respect of this, and that there is no succour else, "O be *Thou* my help in trouble, for vain is the help of man!" And, again, feeling the dead level of us all with relation to the inner life, and that one is not raised above the other so as to be able to say, "Come up to me, and I will save thee," but, on the contrary, that we are all in the same helpless position, he asserts it more decidedly, "There is no help in man." But still, though he has rejected the hope of human aid in clearer moments, the *instinct* to call for it remains. In time of great agony, he yet looked if there was any to help him, but there was no man; and no one cared for or took care of his soul. It is at such moments that we find it is Christ, or—no one. Men may point you to the fountain of living waters which you have forsaken, but they themselves are empty wells—broken cisterns that can hold no water. The sheep, no matter how many, can give each other no courage, they can only by their number multiply fear and communicate panic. When the howl of the wolf is heard, and the light,

galloping sound with which he approaches the flock, what can the sheep do for one another? They hustle together as if there were safety in a multitude. There is none. In the darkness, all is uncertain. Can they be sure that the wall of the fold is between them and their terrible foe? Where is the shepherd? A hundred startled eyes gaze into the darkness, and question thus; a hundred timid ears receive that awful howl. Although they hustle closely together, they feel no confidence in each other—still that light gallop nigher and nigher!

Where, now, is the shepherd, strong and trusty? Has he, too, fled like the hireling? or is he near them, in the darkness, ready to die rather than that harm or hurt befall them? Hark, timid flock! whose blood is throbbing through every artery, surging and rushing in every ear; hark to another sound!—a footstep firm and deliberate, not hastened by excitement, not retarded by fear—listen to those gracious words which come to you through the darkness: "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." Precious are the sheep bought with the shepherd's life! "Fear not little flock, I am with you;" "no man shall pluck you out of my hand." Oh, good Shepherd, great Shepherd! keep thy purchased flock, restore the wanderers, find the lost, make us to lie down peacefully in thy green pastures. Bring us thirsting, as we are for a life more real, more secure, more pure, more cool and calm, to those still waters of comfort; and, at last, dear Lord, abolish all our weary differences; end all our separations and disunions, and let there be "one fold" for those who acknowledge "one Shepherd."

But are we still unowned? is there no sleepless Power consulting for our safety? no one up there in blue heaven looking after our happiness? are we "sheep without a shepherd," of whom it is said, These "have no master?" And do we not feel, though we will not have this Jesus to rule over us, a want of some one to whom to entrust our souls? Life is full of problems of which we can make nothing. Those doubts, and perplexities, and terrors, how shall we bear them alone? We are all equally in need of help, laden as our strength is, or above our strength. I, too, feel the finality of everything—the mutation and decay of everything; I, too, have perplexities and disquietudes, and it is vain to ask me for help. I must not refuse my sympathy and counsel, but of real help you will find none. Let us escape all our dangers and perplexities by leaving them without—within the fold, none can reach; its encircling fence is the common solution of them all. Christ seeks to gather us into it. He passes to and fro in the wilderness, seeking for the wanderer with patient solicitude; and when he finds it, he takes it in his arms, saying, as he looks up, smiling, to his Father above, "I have found my sheep that was lost."

## DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

## LITTLE GERALD.



CHILDREN have an idea that they cannot be of any comfort to grown-up people. This is a great mistake. I have seen a child of ten years old the prop and stay of a family—a mother to her little brothers and sisters, a careful house-keeper to her father. A little girl said to me lately, "I can't be of any good to you, because you are grown up." I then told her how my youngest child, a boy of only eight years old, was partly the means of saving our lives in a moment of terrible suspense and alarm. Perhaps other children may like to hear the little incident that I told her.

I went to stay with all my children at Strathmore Bay, while my husband was abroad. We were a large party, six boys and two girls. Some of the boys had just come home from Eton, and were very much pleased at the thought of spending their holidays by the sea-side. We spent the days out of doors, scrambling up the rocks, boating, and lying on the shingle under the shadow of the huge black rock, Strathmore Point, from which the place was named.

Early one morning the boys came and begged me to go with them to another little bay on the other side of Strathmore Point. They declared it was not too far to walk, that beautiful shells and sea-weed were to be found in some particular spot; in short, they had set their hearts upon it, and we set off—five boys and myself; the others were too young for such a scramble as I expected this to be.

I took a book with me, and sat on the rocks while they clambered, and ran, and shouted, and laughed. The time passed so rapidly, that it was only the sudden recollection that the other children would wait dinner for us that made me look at my watch. It was past two o'clock, and we set off at ten. It had suddenly turned cold, the wind was rising, and it looked like rain. It was some time before I could collect them all with their baskets and different treasures; but at last we set off, tumbling and scrambling over the rocks till we came to the point. My eldest boy, who had run on, came back to me looking frightened, and said he thought the tide was coming in.

"Of course it is; you have dawdled so much. Come on quickly," I said.

"I don't think we can, mamma," he answered, taking hold of my hand. And then I heard the noise of the waves dashing against the huge black rock.

I ran on till the water was over my ankles. I knew that it would be higher on the other side—up to little Gerald's shoulders. Besides, the sea was rising rapidly. He would not have strength to

breast those rapidly-rising waves, but probably would be carried out with the tide. I was not much frightened then: I thought there must be some path by which we could scramble up the rock. I ran quickly back to the little bay where we had been sitting, but saw none, and knew that we were only losing time. As I stood still for a moment to reflect, the "hungry, crawling foam" came nearer and nearer. The boys were terribly frightened. I had great difficulty in keeping them together; some cried, the rest implored me to save them. Then our danger suddenly dawned upon me. I thought that my boys would be drowned before my eyes—my husband come back to a desolate home. I suppose my face showed the distress I felt at that moment, for my little Gerald, who had been perfectly quiet, came up to me with his lovely face and large blue eyes—to me it then seemed like the face of an angel—and said, "Never mind, mamma, dear; let us sit down and die all together comfy (comfortable). God will take care of us, and we shall be together."

His sweet face and loving words at once brought me to myself. "My darling," I said, "I hope and believe we can get up too high for the water to reach us upon that rock." But my heart sickened as I said it, for we should be obliged to wait for hours, far into the night, till the tide turned, on a narrow ledge of rock. And who could say that the boys might not fall asleep and lose their footing? God help me, what could I do? To think was agony; but my child's sweet words rang in my ears—his calmness gave me hope, and I strained my eyes to see if there was not any other path, however dangerous, that we could attempt. But the rocks were dark and slippery, and still the sea came rolling in with a low, sullen sound.

"Let us pray," I said, and we all sank on our knees. Gerald said the Lord's Prayer aloud. "Our Father!"—those words had a more real meaning to me at that moment than in all my previous life. Suddenly I heard a shout. Was it fancy? No; it was repeated again and again. I waved my handkerchief, for I knew no one from above could hear me. In a few minutes a strong, active man swung himself from crag to crag, and was by our side.

"Do you know what you are doing?" he said. "In an hour the sea will be over all this part."

"I do, indeed; but we cannot climb these cliffs. Can you get us a boat? You will save us now!" I said, clinging to his arm in my dread of his leaving us.

"There is only time for one thing, and that is for you all to follow me. If you can keep your head steady you will be safe; but you have not a moment to lose."

We followed him up a path that makes me giddy to think of. The boys, who were used to climbing, walked steadily on; but occasionally my head reeled, and my feet failed me. At last we reached the top, and it was only when safe that I fully realised what it had been.

The man expressed his surprise at finding me so calm in such imminent peril.

"I suppose your boys did not understand the

danger. I assure you I had little hope of reaching you in time. What made you so quiet when death was staring you in the face?"

"A few words from a little child," I answered, and told him what Gerald had said.

I can never bear to think of that day; but when it comes into my mind I feel how mistaken children are when they think they can be "of no good to grown-up people."

## KATE ORMOND'S DOWER.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE FAMILY HONOUR," ETC. ETC.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### NIGHT.

**S**OONER than usual that night the whole household at Rivercroft were wrapped in slumber. Edina, who had sought for the packet of letters L'Estrange had given her, and was holding them, sat by the door that opened to her balcony, motionless, incapable of reading. Thunder was rumbling in the distance, and sheet lightning, leaping from cloud to cloud, illuminated the garden, and was reflected in dazzling radiance by the river.

Only a few adventurous spirits would choose to leave the shelter of a roof in such a night. Edina had no choice. Keeper, the dog, whose bark she had most of all feared, had bayed and growled in response to the thunder, until his restlessness would cease to attract attention. So far, therefore, the solemn night was propitious. Yet she lingered: twice had she been driven back from the steps by the almost blinding lightning, and must have relinquished her purpose, but that she fancied she saw in the blue gleam that lighted up the garden, some one moving along the outskirts of the shrubbery. She was not mistaken, and the fear of the night was absorbed in the greater terror of L'Estrange being discovered. "If I cannot feel like a daughter to him, there is all the more reason for my not being the means of betraying him."

Wrapped in a dark plaid shawl that completely enveloped her head as well as her form, carrying her slip of writing in her hand, and thrusting the letters into her pocket, with trembling steps she descended into the garden, and glided along the path to the shelter of the shrubbery. A momentary glare lighted up the gloom, and enabled her to see that she was not alone.

L'Estrange stood before her, and, laying his hand on her arm, said, "At last, my child, I am weary of waiting this abominable night."

Perhaps any face would have looked ghastly seen by the awful light that leaped and quivered out of the black sky; but Edina was conscious that her companion's pallor was intense, and she felt as his cold clammy hand touched hers, that it trembled. So she instantly addressed his fears, "I wonder that I dared come now. We are watched."

"Watched! where?—then why did you come?"

He released her arm and was leaving, when she said, detaining him, "To warn you."

"You don't mean, then," he said, in a hissing whisper, "that I—that we are watched now?"

"No, not now."

"Ha! how it lightens! enough to blind one. You are sure that you do not mean now?"

"No, but indeed—indeed you must not come about this house. Don't think me unfeeling—undaughterly, sir—father, but you must keep away."

She put into her pathetic voice all the pleading there was in her throbbing heart, and he answered, hastily, "Speak lower—hush, that dog will rouse them; come to the alcove, there's shelter—ah, here comes the rain!"

As he uttered these disjointed words the bursting clouds poured down a rushing torrent that effectually drowned all sounds less tremendous than the nearer rolling thunder. They fled, lashed by the elements, into the arbour, and cowering there into two opposite nooks, with the open balcony between them, L'Estrange found breath to say, "Who do you mean is watching, and what do they suspect? Have you betrayed—"

"Nay, I am not likely to betray you. If I can do you no good, I will never do you harm. But it is too much for me to bear. I have written this—I meant to have said more."

She handed the paper as she spoke, and he took it from her hand, exclaiming, "Write nothing: the folly of putting pen to paper is greater than you know; but time flies, and I want to say, that I have discovered recently that I am defrauded out of property which, by right, is mine. I am intending to assert my claim, and it is essential for a time, if you see me in a new character, that you should not appear to recognise me, or in any way betray your—your relationship. You may be of great help to me in this way—and in helping me, Edina, you will be helping yourself: for the fortune I gain, or rather re-gain, will of course be yours."

"Fortune!" said Edina, unconsciously, as she revolved the communication made.

"Yes, child, fortune. You may be mistress where you are dependant;—see the proud heiress stripped of a name she has no right to, and a fortune that is mine."

"What heiress? You surely do not mean Miss Ormond?"

"I mean the girl called so, most assuredly."



There was a flash of lightning that showed L'Estrange's boat rising on the swelling tide that now was close up to the balcony, and revealed at the same time the look of determination that gleamed in the steely, glittering eyes. Edina clasped her hands over her face to shut out the sight, and said, firmly—

"Miss Ormond has sheltered me; I have eaten her bread: you cannot ask me to live as a spy and a traitor in her house; I cannot do it, I dare not!"

"Child, think of your duty. Think of the dying command of your heart-broken mother—that you would be obedient. What! you refuse my very first request? I tell you I can justly claim property kept from me by a girl who has no particle of legal right. But it will complicate matters if my family ties are known prematurely. All I ask is that you remain as silent in the future as you have been in the past. It is only just and right."

"Oh, sir, you ask me to stay at Kate Ormond's side, live beneath her roof, and sit at her table, knowing that you are purposing to deprive her of her—"

"Justly—legally to deprive her of what she has no right to."

"It is too hard. I cannot do it."

"What! cannot help your own father? truly you are Mr. Graspington's genuine granddaughter!" He hissed out the last words between his shut teeth, and his face, as Edina furtively glanced at it, was more awful than the lightning.

"I can leave her, but I cannot stay and act the part you prescribe."

"And the bread of dependence is so sweet that you will make no effort at gaining independence? For, whom do I seek to benefit—myself? No; you—you solely, I may say."

"The bread of dependence is bitter: I have found it so; but the reason that you urge—some ultimate advantage to myself—makes it impossible that I can stay here as if—as if conniving. Forgive me, I am a simple girl, I know not how to speak of what I only dimly comprehend, but it seems to me you ask me to connive at the injury of one who never injured me."

"But I tell you it is my right."

"Oh! then surely it can be rightly gained—I mean openly."

"And you, then, actually refuse me—you join with my enemies against me?"

"Show me any open, honest kind of way in which I can help you—"

"Yes, yes; it's easy enough to protest as to what you would do, if it was this or that. Some daughters would strive to help a persecuted and defrauded father—would watch over his interests—and apprise him of anything likely to go against him in the house of his enemies—would improve their opportunities, and so really fulfil a daughter's duty."

A sudden passion took possession of Edina while she heard these words. Free from all fear, she lifted her head, gazed towards the place where the fitful lightning flashes showed him at intervals to her, and said—

"I could not do so to gain twenty fortunes, or to escape twenty deaths!"

There was a threatening movement of the clenched hand of the man, which she did not see. It was but momentary, and he put a strong constraint upon himself. His breath came in quick pants, and he drew his hat down tightly over his eyes in silence. The full tide surging under the trellis was for an instant blinding bright, and to a desperate man presented an easy solution of his difficulty, and removal of all hindrance.

But a shriek, the sound of a plash might cleave the midnight air, even amid the growling of the storm, and bring defection. So for an instant he stood, silent and foiled. He, the wily desperado, trained by a life of shifts and expedients, met an unexpected resistance where he had scarcely doubted of uninquiring acquiescence, or even of that assistance which the stronger nature commands from the weaker; and now he sees this girl, but just emerged from childhood, with everything around to awe her spirit, yet upheld by a sense of rectitude that defied him. He looked about him an instant, bewildered, then suddenly a plan suggested itself to him. He darted from the arbour into the garden, leaving Edina a moment alone, vibrating still with the indignation that had shaken her. But the reaction from that brief ebullition was coming. She had noticed his rushing past, and was marvelling at it, when, with a yet fleetier footstep, he returned, and, clasping her in his arms, said—

"My poor child, my dear Edina! your absence is discovered. See, they are searching in your room. Hark! I think I hear footsteps on the balcony stair."

She could only cling a moment in terror to the trellis, and moan.

"Hush, not a sound, for your life! Quick! into the boat, child—into the boat—it's the only way; follow me."

He vaulted over the railing of the balcony, lifting Edina's slender form in the clutch of his strong arm, and dropped with her easily into the boat just below. Before she gathered herself up from where she had fallen, or quite recovered consciousness of what was passing, he was seated, had grasped the oars, and, stooping forward, struck out a vigorous stroke that made the little boat leap through the water, and bear them swiftly away into the middle of the current, out of all fear of pursuit. Indeed, unless revealed by the glare of the lightning for an instant, in the inky darkness, and amid the wildly-beating rain, the boat and its burden were safe. Safe! Could such a word be applied to a small old boat on the swelling river, in such a night? Edina strained her eyes to look in the direction of the house, but all distinction of banks or river were obliterated by the down-pour of the sheeted rain. She heard her companion say—

"Look; do you not see? they have lights; they are in the garden; we have only just escaped them."

But either the heavy folds of her wet shawl, or the beating of the rain, prevented her seeing what was so plain to her companion. Every limb for a moment shook; but the passing shudder was stilled as the astounding thought rose clear and terrible, "Where am I going this wild night? what am I to do? was ever daughter so strangely thrown on a father's care before?"

"Father." Again and again she strove to reassure herself by uttering that word. From her earliest childhood, as she had mused on her fancied orphanage, as lonely children often do on family ties, she had ever thought all tenderness was comprised in the name of mother, all protection in that of father—and yet now in vain she tried to gather confidence by uttering that venerated name. Never before had she felt so lonely, so like a stray waif cast adrift on the dark waters, borne on she knew not why or whither.

The tide had turned, and the current was running down strong, so that it was not hard work to row the boat; nevertheless, as they came near the old piles of Putney Bridge, they struck against them so sharply that L'Estrange fell back from the thwart, and the boat was nearly upset. She righted, however, almost before Edina comprehended what the shock meant, but not before she had heard a fierce oath growled out by her companion—a sound that destroyed any lingering remnant of confidence which she had in him, or rather in his relationship as father. She began to remember that there were bad fathers in the world. Then there rose to her mind those affectionate letters that her mother had written to him—letters that she had not only read over and over again, but which even now, packed in the little silk case which held the picture, were lying safe in her bosom. Had her father's life been so hard that he was warped from right? ought not she to pity him?

Hour after hour passed; the lightning and distant thunder had long ceased; but the rain, less tumultuous now, came down in one steady pour from the leaden sky. She heard the clock at Lambeth Church strike three, and wondered when and where they were to land. Summer time as it was, she was shivering with cold but, despite the terror and the chill, wearied nature at last gave way, and a heavy, dreary stupor, as different from healthy sleep as light is from darkness, fell over her like a pall, and still, as the grey dawn broke, the little boat, now skilfully steered in the better light, rapidly drifted onward.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### MORNING.

HAD L'Estrange really seen the lights in Edina's room, and heard the footsteps of those who sought her? No. It was a *ruse* to get into his power one who, if not willing to be a helper, might be a hindrance to his plans. The occupants of Rivercroft had not been more disturbed by the tempest of the night than is usual with those who, resting cosily on soft pillows, listen a moment to the rain outside, and nestle all the more comfortably for the contrast to the quiet and security inside the dwelling.

It is true, Kate had carried a heavy heart to bed. Her troubles seemed to her very great, for they certainly both involved some self-reproach and stimulated some self-assertion. If she had been precipitate in accepting the offer made her, was she to be mortified and humiliated, by being treated as a child? She put this question in all the variety of forms that her wounded pride suggested, until the thunder and rain mingled

together in a grand, sonorous lullaby, and hushed her to rest. She woke next morning with a tolerably clear perception of what she would do. "If I am worth having," said this reasoner of eighteen, "I am worth waiting for. Perhaps, dear papa would not have approved of an early engagement. Oh, if he had lived, I should not have formed one. It is not well for me, however provoked, to set myself in opposition to those whom he has put over me. Out of respect to his dear memory, I must not do that. Hundreds of lovers have to wait years, and are thankful to be permitted to hope, and so must he be. Yes, that will be right. I will make that compromise with my guardians and with—"

She did not finish the sentence, but, glad of a solution of the difficulty that she could consider a plan of her own advising and adoption, rather than one she had been required to submit to, she descended to the breakfast-room very complacently, ready to meet Mrs. Tregabbitt with a smile.

Contrary to her usual custom, the matron was first up, and received Kate with great cordiality, returning her morning salutation with an added kiss and a pressure of the hand, as she whispered, "I'm sure my Kate knows that her *chère mère*, in all she does, only studies her sweet child's interests. But, dear me, how late Edda is! How degenerate many of the young people of the present day are!"

"I have not long risen," laughed Kate. "Am I to plead guilty to the charge of degeneracy?"

"Oh, as to that, my dear, in your case it does not so much matter; if Edda is really to depend on her talents, why, she must exert herself. Jessie, go and call Miss Smith."

"I think Miss Smith, mem, is in the garden."

"What! on a wet morning like this? How very foolish!"

"I know, mem, her door on to the steps was open at seven o'clock."

"Well, well, find her."

The girl left, and Mrs. Tregabbitt added, "I shall, I think, alter Edda's room. She has a strange way of popping into the garden at all times; I don't approve of it. Indeed, my dear, I'm not quite easy about her."

The words were scarcely spoken, when a strange outcry rang through the house, a confusion of women's tongues approaching the breakfast-room. As both the ladies were looking up, startled at what caused the disturbance, Jessie, with her apron to her eyes, entered the room, followed by Betsy, the cook bringing up the rear, and the men-servants hovering round.

"Oh, dear, mem! such a dreadful thing—"

"What?" exclaimed Mrs. Tregabbitt, alarmed.

"Oh, I don't know how to tell you, mem, but it's no more than I thought, and you'll please to have the goodness to remember that I said so, which it was no longer ago than last Wednesday as ever was, and got anger for it, though I meant no harm, only to tell you, mem, as in duty bound—"

"Tell what, Jessie? Pray, speak at once, without so many words. What is it?" said Miss Ormond.

"I'd wish to break it gently, miss, not being ever counted abrupt nor suspicious."

"Suspicious!" exclaimed Mrs. Tregabbitt, losing all patience. "What do you mean, simpleton? Have you called Miss Smith?"

"That's it—I have. But oh, mem! oh dear, miss!"

"She aint there," blurted out Betsy.

"Not in her room! I thought you said she was in the garden."

Kate had rushed, from the breakfast-table, up-stairs to Edina's room, and was followed, at a somewhat slower pace, by Mrs. Tregabbitt.

There was something desolate in the look of the little white prim bed, that no sleeper had disturbed. The exquisite neatness of the room, with a china vase of delicate white roses standing on the toilet-table, and a little pocket Bible with a page-marker, as if just put down from the reader's hand, by its side. Kate and Mrs. Tregabbitt stood an instant in fright as well as surprise. Then they looked about more closely, expecting, yet dreading, to discover a letter or some clue, however slight and unsatisfactory, to the cause of her flight—for flight, of course, it was. What else could it possibly be? They descended the steps into the garden; and Kate, who was sometimes nervous in thunderstorms, said, "Could Edina have been frightened, and any accident have happened?"

"Frightened! then she never would have gone out from shelter," was Mrs. Tregabbitt's natural reply.

"Did she ever walk in her sleep?" was Miss Ormond's next suggestion, anxious to find, if possible, some solution less humiliating and shameful than that which was forced on them.

Mrs. Tregabbitt pointed to the bed, saying, "She has not slept, it seems."

They descended to the garden: it did not actually rain; but if it had, Kate, at all events, would not have heeded it. As she went towards the arbour, the scene of finding the poor vagrant rose vividly before Miss Ormond, and she turned pale and sick with dread lest they should come upon Edina lying ghastly in death before them.

Our readers know that fear was as vain as Kate's charitable suggestions had been. But it was an evidence of the purity of her own nature that any and every solution of the mystery seemed to her more probable than that the timid, retiring Edina had outraged all feminine propriety by a wilful flight. She was returning to the house, sadly following Mrs. Tregabbitt's footsteps, when one of the men-servants brought a sheet of note-paper so saturated with rain, that the writing on it was all blurred, but yet not quite illegible. Mrs. Tregabbitt took possession of it—and an instant after Betsy came running with a tortoise-shell comb in her hand, which Kate at once knew as that worn by Edina. It was found clinging to a tendrill of one of the creeping plants that twined round the trellised balcony of the arbour.

"She must have climbed over," said the girl, sobbing, and adding, "she has drowned herself."

This was a solution that startled them all for a moment, by its dreary probability.

Miss Ormond, dismissing the servants, whose talk she was not able to bear, sat down by Mrs. Tregabbitt's side, and tried to compose herself, and aid in deciphering the letter. They read the words—

I know I shall be watched, and the consciousness of this secret  
me so wretched act with composure pity me. con-  
straint and observation.

These were all they could make out; the other words had been so blotted or obliterated by the rain, that they were totally illegible.

One thing, however, was plain. Edina had a secret, and was wretched. That young, trembling, blushing girl had concealed something in her heart that would not bear the light.

Mrs. Tregabbitt, of course, the instant that she found Edina was missing, recalled the incidents of the past evening, and her conversation with the young girl. She thought, too, that she clearly remembered the look of that young man, whose wherry had shot past the arbour a moment after she had entered it.

"He was stout, my dear, with black hair, fresh-coloured, and very young," she said, recounting to Miss Ormond the incident before unnamed. She had contrived to make up a portrait which she fancied she could not only describe, but recognise, and felt half angry with Kate for rejecting the idea altogether.

"It is impossible she, a stranger in England, so young and so modest, can have carried on any such degrading intimacy; I never—never can believe it."

"Well, my dear, and there's no need you should, or, in fact, know anything about it. I shall never think of naming it before you again, except, perhaps, when we are alone. But tell me this one thing—who could she have written to? Jessy says she is sure that she was talking to some one passing in a boat, if not actually in the summer-house, one day that we went to the exhibition, and that she was crying all the evening afterwards. I was angry with Jessy repeating this, and should never have believed it, but for what I myself saw yesterday. I tell you, she was waving her hands, or making signs to some one."

"She is dead, poor girl—poor rash, unhappy girl," persisted Kate, as she held the little comb caressingly in her hand, and reproached herself that she had not been kinder to her. "I am as bad as her hard, cruel grandfather," thought she, "and without his excuse. He had been deceived—deceived by his own child, he says, and treated with ingratitude, and that seared his heart; but I have no excuse. Edina has been badly used among us."

This was a view of the case in which Mrs. Tregabbitt could by no means coincide. She was quite ready to blame Mr. Graspington, but she held to her opinion that Edina, notwithstanding her youth and timidity, had formed some clandestine attachment. As to the bit of writing found in the arbour, and the comb, they might have been dropped there, when Mrs. Tregabbitt had come upon Edina early in the evening. To write to Mr. Graspington, and send a messenger with the letter, and then to make a minute search over Edina's few boxes and portfolio, was the work of the morning.

Not a line, or trace of anything that could explain Edina's disappearance or flight, was discovered. A few blades of grass tied together with a bit of black ribbon, which Edina had gathered in the cemetery, were in an envelope without any inscription. Evidently a memorial, but of whom they knew not.

Among the countless theories that Miss Ormond formed, or the few that perplexed Mrs. Tregabbitt's conclusions, neither for a moment imagined that she had been spirited away unfairly, or kidnapped.

"There was no motive for, and, indeed, no possibility," they would say, if it for an instant occurred, "of such a crime. No; whether in life or death, the deed was certainly her own—certainly premeditated."

Each according to their different natures and convictions, as they thought more leisurely over the matter, said, mentally—

"A deceptive girl, bringing trouble and disgrace on herself and others."

"Poor, lost Edina! among us we have broken her heart."

(To be continued.)

### "SURE STANDARDS OF THE FAITH."\*

THE Rev. W. M. Statham, who is already known to the readers of this Magazine as a constant contributor to its pages, has recently published a small volume, entitled "Sure Standards of the Faith." This work we can cordially recommend to our readers as an able, clear, and evangelical exposition of the foundations upon which Christianity rests and the victories which Christianity has achieved. The first lecture, entitled "Christianity in Christ; or, the Marvellous Life," is a popular explanation of the unanswerable argument deducible from a consideration of the real nature of the question at issue. The choice is not between Christ as the God-man, and Christ as the noblest, best, and purest of merely *human* beings; but between Christ as the God he professed to be, and Christ an impostor. If he were not what he professed to be, he was an impostor. We think, however, that Mr. Statham has slightly misunderstood the real nature of heroism, when he remarks that if Christ's was "only a martyr's death, then surely Socrates closed his death" (we presume he means his "life") "with a nobler heroism." Now, the conclusion which Mr. Statham seeks to establish is perfectly true. Christ's was more than a martyr's death. It was a vicarious death—a sacrifice—a propitiation. But we do not think that the contrast with the death of Socrates (supposing the other alternative to be true) holds good. The noblest heroism is not that of a Stoic—it is not, in the real sense, heroic to nerve yourself against danger or death, and with a blunted sensibility disregard altogether its approach: for, in that case, if heroism and disregard of danger were synonymous, a brute would be more a hero than a man, for brutes do not shrink from danger as men do. The true hero is he who with the extremest sensitiveness and most nervous organisation shrinks from approaching pain, and yet bears it without a murmur. Above all, let us remember that when a sufferer needs sympathy he does not go to seek it from one who is perfectly indifferent to suffering himself, but rather he seeks from one who has experienced acutest suffering, and yet manfully endured it. We have thought it well to call attention to this erroneous estimate of heroism, and the argument deducible from it, because it is a very popular one, and Mr. Statham is not responsible for the argument itself, but only for having adopted it. We are happy to think also that this is the only point in Mr.

Statham's book to which we feel called upon to take exception.

The best of these lectures, both as regards style and argument, is that upon "The Marvellous Record." The Bible, and the Bible alone, is the foundation of our reformed faith, and as such it has received at Mr. Statham's hands an eloquent and able, as well as a very well-timed, vindication. In this lecture the author first argues, most conclusively, that the portraiture of Jesus Christ given us in the Gospels is so instinct with simplicity and beauty that it must have had an exact original, and could not have been invented by ignorant men to serve a purpose. Only one satisfactory answer can possibly be given to the question which embodies this argument, and which an eminent writer puts thus: "How comes it that men not learned contrived to represent a character every way departing from the material type—at variance with all those features which custom, and patriotism, and religion, and nature seemed to have consecrated as of all most beautiful?" The only answer to this is that with which Mr. Statham sums up his exhaustive argument on this point:—"The portrait presented to us in the Gospel history can be the inspiration of no sinful heart, the outcome of no unsanctified imagination, the ideal of no Jewish mind, but must have a living Christ as the inspirer of every feature." "Christianity in the Future; or, the Marvellous Prophecy," the lecture with which the volume concludes, contains a graphic *résumé* of the past, as well as some hopeful aspirations concerning the future. Here we have the real spirituality of Christianity brought prominently forward. It is well for us to bear in mind the strong contrast between the triumphs of Christianity and all other religions, for its influence is to be increased now by the same spiritual means by which it was first established. "Mahometanism must do its work," our author eloquently remarks, "amidst waving banners, and the war-cries of the battle-field, with all the pomp and circumstance of proud ambition. Christianity triumphed through the preacher, not the warrior; through the missionary, not the murderer." We cordially welcome these lectures, as a valuable addition to the popular evangelical theology of the day, and can very warmly recommend them as what they profess to be—"a guide-book, especially for the young, upon subjects treated of, both on the Continent and in England, in many noble and learned treatises, but presented in these pages in a popular style, and in a shaping adapted to aid the mind by clearness and the memory by compactness."

\* "Sure Standards of the Faith." By the Rev. W. M. Statham. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, Ludgate Hill, E.C. Price 3s. 6d.